A PARLIAMENT PUBLICATION • VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1

$3.50 PN

BLOCK BUSTERS

Off With Her Bra!
William Hogarth: From Bawd To Bedlam
They're Out To Stamp Out Boobs!

FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY
Sale to Minors Prohibited

BLOCK BUSTERS

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1

FICTION
Hot Storage ..... Mark Shores 10

ARTICLES
William Hogarth: From Bawd To Bedlam .... Ruth Moore 18
They're Out To Stamp Out Boobs! .... Wallace Williams 42

FEATURE
Letting It All Hang Out ..... John Davidson 34

PICTORIALS
Bevy Of Heavies 4
The Size? The Limit! 14
Indian Maiden's Twin Teepees 20
A Generous Handout 24
Squeeze Play 28
Off With Their Bras! 36
Betty's Bustout 44
Opportunity's Knockers 50
Coast Artillery 60

EDITOR ..... Gregory Burke
ART EDITOR ..... Lydon Hoffman
PHOTO EDITOR ..... Brooks Doyle

BLOCK BUSTERS (July, Aug., Sept., 1972) is published four times a year by American Art Enterprises, Inc., 21322 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, California; it is produced and distributed as adult entertainment aimed at illuminating on-going changes in contemporary patterns of societal behavior with the view that picturing and displaying of the unclothed human body is deserving of increased acceptance in our contemporary culture. All rights reserved on entire contents of this issue; nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright © 1972 by American Art Enterprises, Inc. Manuscripts and illustrations must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited material. We do not release any information about, or sell photographs of, any model appearing in this magazine. Any similarity between persons living or dead and the characters named in fiction or semi-fiction is entirely coincidental. All photographs in this magazine, excepting those of public figures, are posed by professional models and neither the photographs nor the words accompanying them describe, or are meant to be understood as, the actual personality or conduct of the model. Subscription rates, by first class mail, $16.00 per year. Distributed exclusively by Parliament News, Inc., 21314 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, California 91311. Printed in the U.S.A.

EDITORIAL

The way some self-righteous people are attempting to dismiss the female breasts and, in some cases, ignore their existence altogether, it would seem to us to suggest that the brassiere industry is engaged in some kind of will-o'-the-wisp pursuit. Nothing could be further from the truth, according to Jim Klobuchar, columnist for the **Minneapolis Star.** In a recent pillar, he assured his readers that the bra industry is bouncing happily along, its business cycle scribing two enormous mounds or peaks on its wall charts.

As busy as the industry is, it has had time to consider the plight of gals who have not been able to fit into the precise and even-numbered molds of the manufacturers. These are the gals whose dimensions are more exactly measured in odd numbers—37, 39, 41, etc.

Klobuchar informs us that a large bra builder designed and made up a whole new line of odd-sized brassieres which it successfully market-tested in—what more appropriate place—the Twin Cities.

While we found Klobuchar's column fascinating, as far as he went, the thought occurred to us that he was certainly able to write quite freely about such a subject, without once describing the objects which the brassieres suspend. To us, this was an obvious cover-up job.

We are against such chicanery, preferring to be honest and above board with our readers by taking them behind the scene, so to speak. Breasts are beautiful and we want those who have been denied an unobstructed view of them to witness just how beautiful they really are. And for those men who never tire of seeing the female bosom in all its rotund magnificence, we offer more views from our own collection of "Twin Cities." Let the Klobuchars evasively titillate their readers with barely an illusion to what lies under the brassiere. As for us, we insist that the truth must be braless.

BEVY OF HEAVIES

Half of these belles are from Europe and half are from the good old U.S. of A. They are the type of chicks that most guys would love to run into. Such encounters would have to be regarded as "soft landings," considering the size of the bumpers which they are fronting.

HOT STORAGE

By MARC SHORES

Even a little free sex couldn't get Hoode off the scene, once he found out about the sweet racket Doris had cleverly cooked up.

It was a few minutes after one o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was a warm, red ball shining down on one of those rare smog-free days in Los Angeles. I felt great. Five minutes later, I was fingered as a shoplifter!

I had been trying to find a birthday present for my girl friend. Still picking the remnants of a Barney's Beanery hot dog out of my teeth, I had entered one of the plush department stores located on Hollywood's plush west end. Not finding anything I liked in the lingerie department, I had sauntered over to the jewelry counter and was standing there when a woman walked up behind me and put her hand on my arm. "Will you please come with me?" she asked, keeping her voice at a low stage whisper.

I took in her long blonde hair and full, petulant lips all at one glance. Then, I noticed her breasts. She was wearing a bolero jacket over a gray silk blouse. No bras-

The slugs whined past me and thudded into the wall.

siere. Her breasts were literally straining against the material. They were so huge it seemed almost impossible they weren't bursting free of the garment. "Where to?" I asked, looking into her almond-shaped eyes before taking another look at the round, dark outlines of her nipples.

She didn't smile. "The manager's office, please. And . . . don't make a scene. It will only embarrass both of us."

Stepping to one side, she nodded in the direction of an office located on the mezzanine. Curious, I shrugged and walked toward the stairway. She followed me every step of the way and, when we reached the manager's office, she opened the door for me and motioned me to step inside.

The manager was a beefy little guy named Mr. Vincent. His face was florid, making him appear as if he'd just run up and down the stairs a half-dozen times. "Another one, Doris?" he said, getting up from behind his desk.

She nodded her head. "Yes, sir," she replied, clipping the words out like a drill sergeant. "Caught him in the jewelry department. I think it was one of our jade bracelets."

Taking a good look at me for the first time, he studied my face for several seconds. "All right, then, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"Look," I said, "if this is a joke. . . ."

"A joke?" he snapped, cutting me off in mid-sentence. "Do you call shoplifting a *joke?*"

"Shoplifting?" I echoed. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Mr. Vincent looked at the woman. She nodded in the direction of my sport coat. "The right front pocket, sir."

Instinctively, I reached inside my right front pocket. Swallowing hard, I pulled out an expensive bracelet made of jade and hand-hammered silver. I hadn't put it there. But, that is exactly the way it looked!

"I'll take that," the department store's manager said, reaching out to grab the bracelet from my hand.

"I'll call the police," the woman said.

"Hey, just a minute!" I said, beginning to get a little angry.

"Yes," Mr. Vincent said, nodding at the woman. "You'd better call them."

She turned and walked out of the office. When the door had closed behind her, Mr. Vincent pointed at a chair. "You'd best sit down. It won't do you any good to try and run."

I reached into my inside pocket and withdrew my wallet. Opening it, I proffered it to him. "Before this goes any farther, I think you'd better check my credentials," I said.

My name is Hoode. I'm a licensed private investigator. I've been working Hollywood for sixteen years. And, if I can modestly say so, I have an excellent reputation. My clients have ranged from bookie, hooker, and pimp, to movie star, politician, and police detective. I earn over fifty thousand bucks a year. And if I wanted that goddamned bracelet, I would have paid for it!

I told these things to Mr. Vincent, who kept staring at my operator's badge all the while. "Now," I finished, "do you still want to press charges against me for shoplifting?"

His face had become even more flushed than usual. "But, you were . . . I mean, the bracelet was in your pocket," he said. "And Doris did see you put it there."

"She's a liar!" I snapped, letting him see what my face looks like when I start clouding up. "Somebody put that bracelet in my pocket. And I'll bet you the price of it that she's the one who did it!"

He had walked back around behind his desk. "But, that's impossible," he said, plopping down heavily in his chair. "She is the head of our security staff. Why would she do a thing like that?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "But, maybe I can learn the answer if you fill me in on a few things. She's called the police by now, and they'll be here any minute. So, tell me what you can . . . and hurry. I'll try to help. Unless, of course, you still think I'm a two-bit shoplifter."

Mr. Vincent shook his head back and forth. "Christ! I don't know what to think."

"Who is this Doris?" I pressed. "What does she do? How long has she been here?"

He hesitated, obviously wondering just how far he should go with me. Then, finally, his common sense took over and he started talking. "Her full name is Doris Wolin," he began. "She came here four years ago. An excellent worker, she was soon promoted. Now, she is the head of our security department. To be precise, she and her staff spend most of their time trying to catch shoplifters."

"Is shoplifting a serious problem with you?" I asked.

He slapped the palm of his hand to his forehead. "Are you kidding? We lose over one hundred thousand dollars a year in this store alone!"

"Since she came to work, have your losses decreased?"

He shook his head. "Only slightly. She has managed to catch dozens of men and women in the act of stealing. But, the thefts continue. It's like a goddamned plague."

"What happens to those she catches?" I asked, thinking about my own situation and how much trouble I would have been in had I not been a private investigator with an impeccable reputation.

Obviously, *that* question had struck a nerve. Mr. Vincent studied his hands for several long moments before answering. "Oddly enough," he said, a frown wrinkling his forehead, "almost every one of them claimed they were innocent."

My words were a whisper. "Maybe they were," I said.

Two uniformed policemen were guided into the office by Doris Wolin a few minutes later. At my suggestion, Mr. Vincent let them lead me away without revealing my identity. Doris watched them escort me downstairs. A tight smile curved her full lips, her eyes never leaving us as we crossed the main floor of the department store. As we stepped out into the warm sunlight, I looked over my shoulder and watched her turn and walk back into Mr. Vincent's office.

I was taken to the station. Charley Mulvaney was there to greet us. He's the booking sergeant. We go back to the time I helped him get the goods on a sonofabitch who was

selling dope to Charley's teen-aged daughter. He's round at the gut, and gray on top. But, he's still one of the finest cops I've ever know.

He listened to my story, then picked up the telephone to verify it by calling Mr. Vincent. "I'd let you go without the call," he said, apologizing. "But, you know how it is. If I did that without talking to this Mr. Vincent, these two young stalwarts standing beside you would go straight to the captain and tell him I was aiding and abetting."

The two young rookies who had brought me in looked at each other and shifted their weight uncomfortably. I smiled to let them know I understood they were only doing their job. "Don't worry about it, Charley," I said. "These two handled the situation as well as you or any other veteran would have."

Charley talked to Mr. Vincent, then got Doris Wolin's address from him at my request. Obviously, she wasn't in Vincent's office at the time. Which was just as well. I didn't want her know who she'd tried to slap a phony shoplifting rap on. At least, not right then.

Charley saw to it that I was released immediately. I took a cab back to the parking lot at the rear of the department store, not wanting Doris to accidentally see me coming back with a police escort. Reaching my car, I gunned the motor and headed straight for the lady's apartment.

For a broad working as a security officer, she was living high off the hog. Her apartment was located on Doheny Drive. It was in one of those expensive, high-rise buildings where the rent starts at four hundred a month and goes up ten or twenty dollars with each succeeding floor. Doris lived on the tenth floor, meaning she was paying at least five hundred bucks every month. I'd have bet that was better than half her regular salary.

I used a passkey to get in. Being in my business, it's nice to know people on the other side of the law. Like Eddy Brown, a black pool hustler turned burglar. For a fee of five hundred dollars cash, Eddy had given me a set of passkeys that will open any door in Southern California except the summer White House. Usually, a man would have to pay two or three thousand for something like this. But, like I said, Eddy was a friend. He got me the keys for wholesale.

If I hadn't been sure before I entered Doris Wolin's apartment, I was positive when I entered. The interior of the place spelled money with a capital M. Every piece of furniture was hand-made, customized just for that place. The carpets were thick enough to cover all of my shoes but the tops. And the paintings on the walls were originals; some by artists even a layman like me was able to recognize. At a quick glance, I figured the lady had better than fifty grand tied up in furnishing the place. Definitely, she was doing something shady!

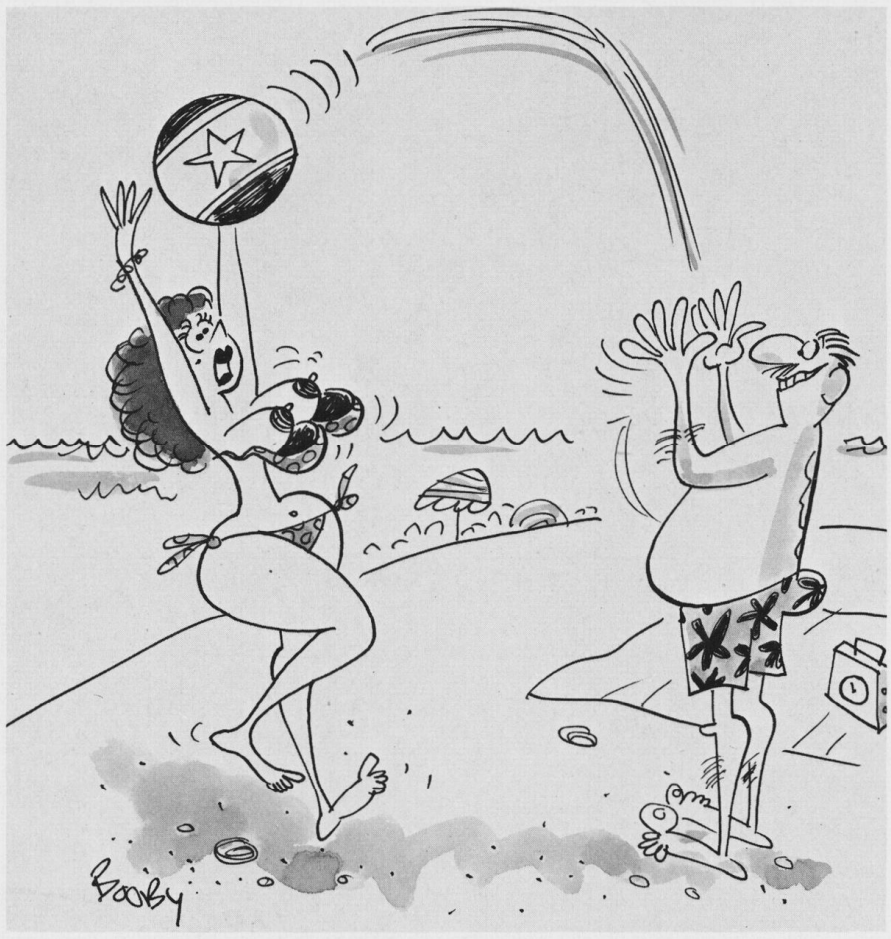
I found what I was looking for within a few minutes. One of the rooms was locked. Eddy Brown's passkeys got me over that hurdle in no time. Stepping inside, I saw enough evidence to get Doris sent up for a nice long stretch. Everything from portable television sets to expensive jewelry was laid out on the floor. There were radios, expensive linens, genuine silverware, piles of men and women's clothing. Obviously, this was a storeroom for items stolen from the department store.

Just as I stepped out of that room, the front door opened and Doris stepped into the living room. I waited until she had closed the door behind her, then I stepped into the room and flashed her a big smile. "Hi, baby," I greeted. "What brings you home so early?"

If she was shaken by my appearance, she gave no outward sign. That smooth face of hers remained absolutely expressionless. "It's after four," she said very calmly. "I always leave at this time of the day."

This time, I let *her* see my identification. After she had noted the badge and my operator's license, she let out a little sigh. "Well, it had to happen sooner or later,

(continued on page 48)

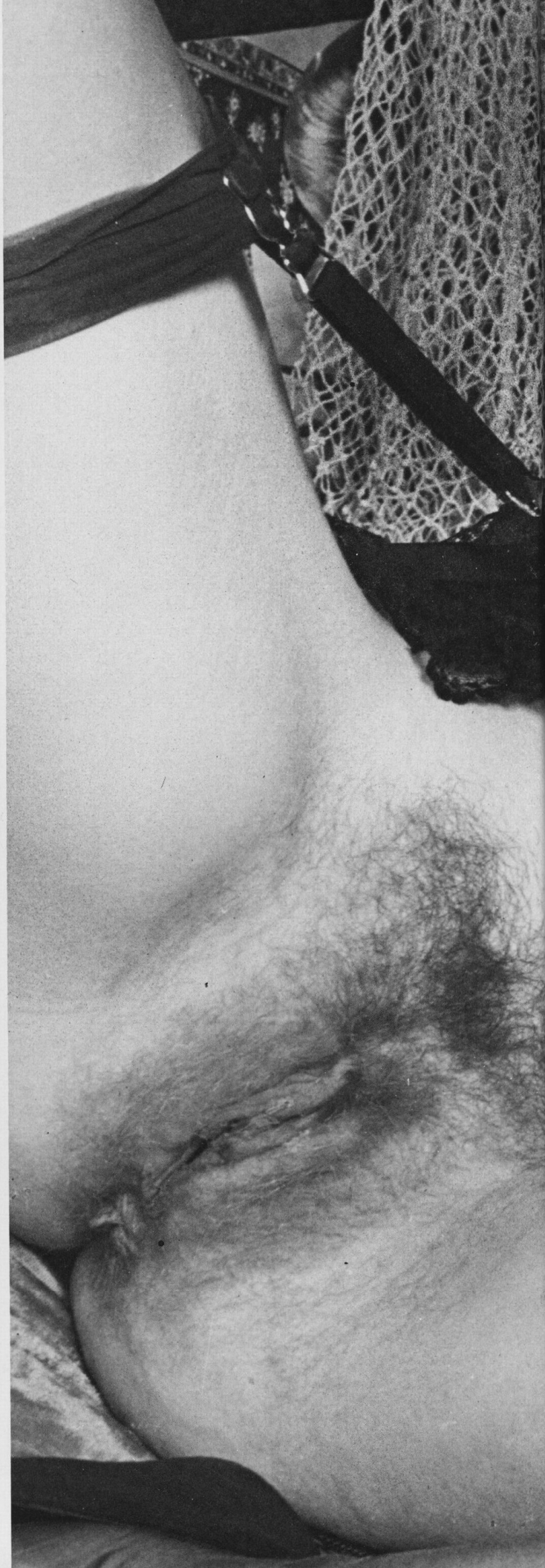


"Must you keep throwing it so high, Mr. Dennis?"

THE SIZE?

Had the composer of **Cocktails for Two** known Margo, he undoubtedly would have dedicated the music to the two biggies that hang on her. And speaking of cocktails, it is not surprising that when she orders them for herself, Margo always insists they be served in jugs.

THE LIMIT!



WILLIAM HOGARTH: FROM BAWD TO BEDLAM

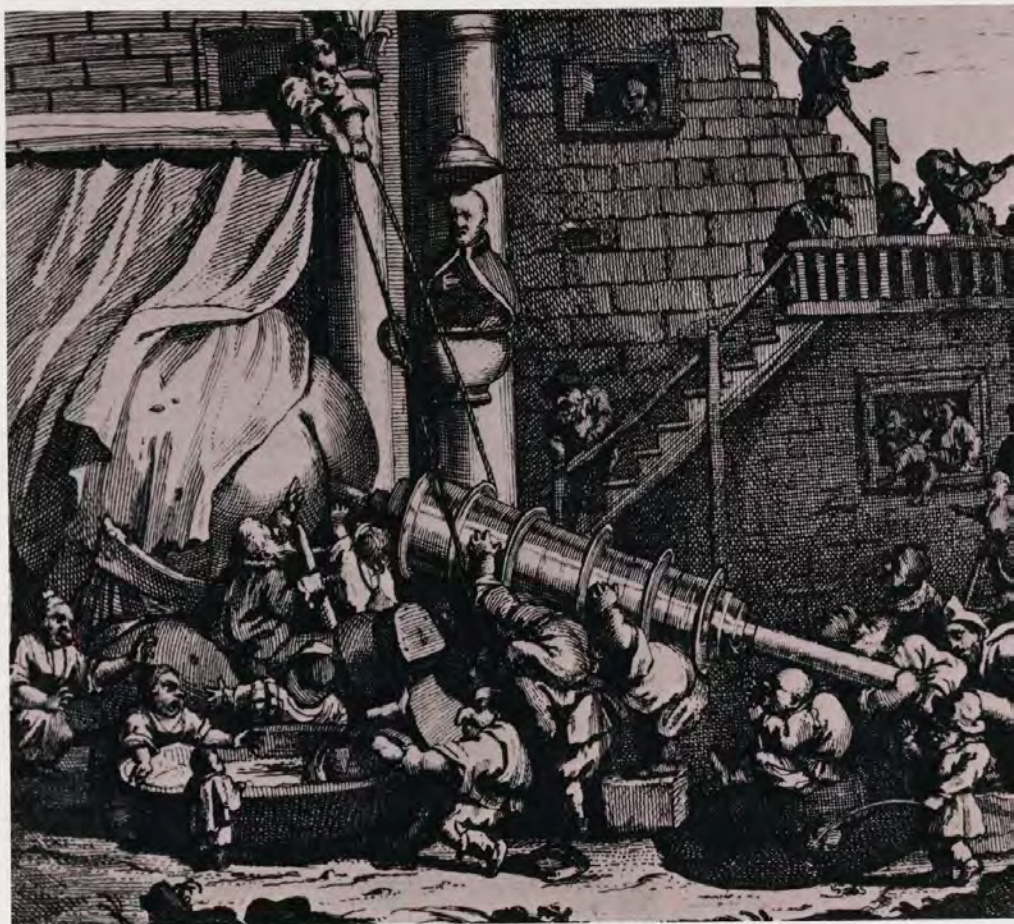
By Ruth Moore

As artistic commentator on morals and manners, Hogarth portrayed the lustier side of life.

A simple sketch of a pretty whore getting out of bed captivated William Hogarth's friends so much that they urged him to do more pictures on the same theme. A series of pictures showing the life of a prostitute, the enterprising artist decided, would undoubtedly have popular appeal in 18th-century London. In January of 1732, a newspaper advertisement illustrated with a young satyr peeping under the petticoats of a many-breasted goddess announced Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*.

Thus Hogarth's career as an artistic commentator on the manners and morals of his time was launched. "My picture is my stage," he later wrote, "and the men and women are my players." Members of the cast, though, were often drawn from real life. Hogarth rarely ventured from his studio without a sketchbook under his arm.

The pictorial drama of *Harlot's Progress* begins as the pretty country lass, Moll Hackabout, arrives in London with her battered baggage and a recently slaughtered goose. Although her clergyman father ac-



The Tavern Scene **from** ***Rake's Progress.*** **Rake's "progress" can only be down from this point on. Bottom: Gulliver being punished ignominiously by Lilliput for having urinated on the Royal Palace in an effort to put out a fire which threatened it.**

companies her, he fails to notice that she has already fallen prey to a famous procuress, Mother Needham, as a well-known criminal and a notable pimp spy on the scene from the background. Hogarth's faithful rendering of faces made these characters recognizable to Londoners of his day.

Moll's progress is rapid indeed, as we see from her coquettish expression and her corseted, low-cut gown which almost makes her breasts pop out. Now in opulent surroundings, she has joined the ranks of kept women and has already taken unfair advantage of her situation. Her protector has nearly caught her with a lover, whose escape she masks by kicking over a tea table. The deceived man bemoans the breakage of fine china while the lover seems to be getting away.

Despite Moll's clever efforts, her lover may have been discovered, for she emerges as an ill-kempt whore in the next scene. Having lost the splendor of a high-class courtesan, she wantonly disregards her appearance, not caring that her dress fails to cover one of her breasts. She is having breakfast with a charwoman, the two of them surrounded by bottles which once contained gin and probably even more potent mixtures from the chemist's. At the back of the room two austere-looking men have entered. They happen to be two of London's well-known whore-hunting magistrates ready to pronounce Moll's doom.

In jail, though, she is decked out in her finery, the cleavage of her breasts exposed by her fashionable gown as she beats hemp, a common punishment of the day. Finally we see her reclining in a chair as two doctors, unmistakably famous quacks, hover about her. She has been destroyed by the hazard of her trade, syphilis, the doctors acknowledge grimly. The last scene is her funeral, an absurdly opulent rite.

Hogarth engraved the copper plates for *Harlot's Progress* himself and sold the little set of prints cheaply. The success of the project was virtually guaranteed. Its title was titillating and scandalous, yet the story had a moral. It's doubtful that Hogarth took the moral seriously, however, as a keen businessman, he took his public seriously. As critic Robert E. Moore describes this era, "The first half of the eighteenth century, combining a lustful curiosity with an instinct for satire, was especially delighted with anything that canted 'moral,' and even more especially when the moral was arrived at by lurid and breathless paths. . . . The eighteenth-century sinner, as the Methodist Whitfield learned, enjoyed being exposed to what they called a 'lesson;' it was the attraction of opposites." By shrewdly nosing out what would please his public, he became one of the first artists to survive without inherited wealth or a patron. In fact, *Harlot's Progress* made him a rich man overnight.

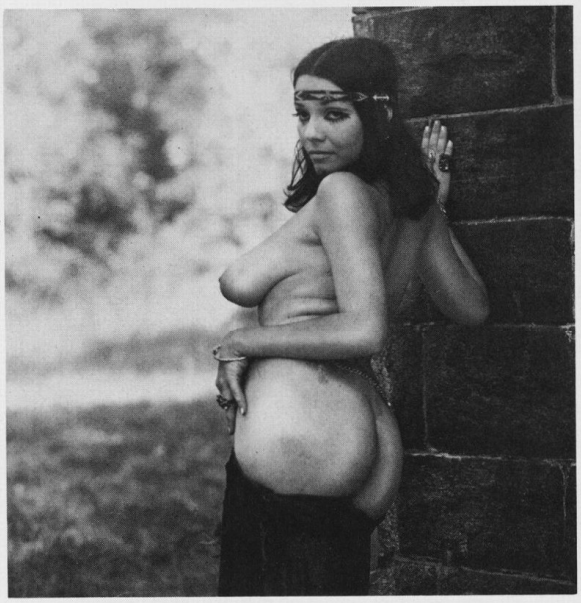
While writers created novels, poetry and even a ballet-opera inspired by *Harlot's Progress,* Hogarth embarked on a new picture-drama, *Rake's Progress.* This loosely connected series, the story of one Tom Rakewell, provides an even clearer glimpse of the contemporary social scene. Also, Hogarth was well acquainted with the libertine haunts which his hero frequents.

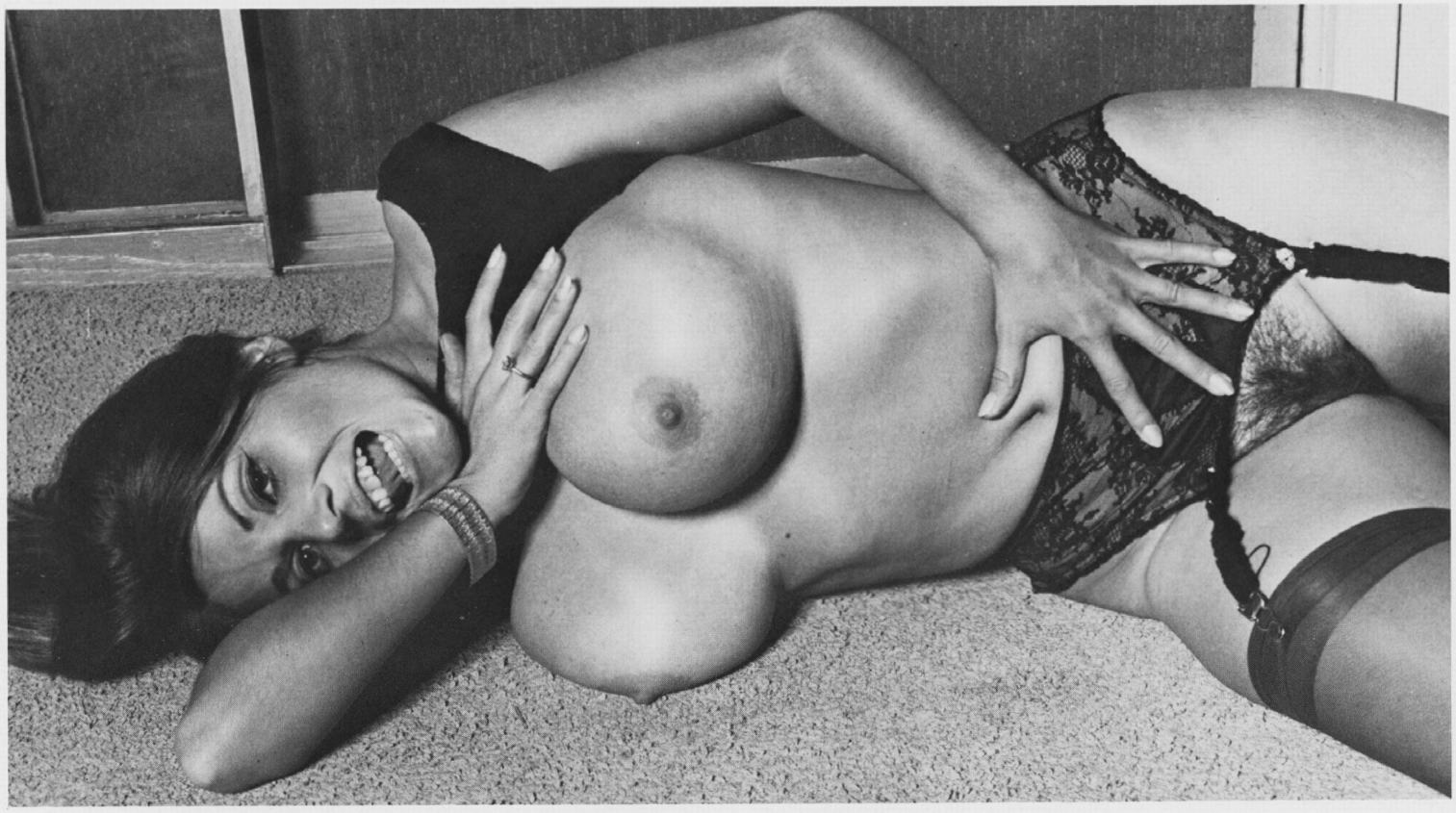
Tom is in trouble from the very beginning. A merchant's son having

(continued on page 49)

INDIAN MAIDEN'S TWIN TEPEES

HAVING TWO PROMINENT TEPEES
GIVES THIS INDIAN MAIDEN
SQUAW-TERS RIGHTS
ON ANY OLD RESERVATION.





A Generous Handout

When Kadi offers a helping hand to a male friend, it isn't her hand which she proffers. Knowing that her boyfriends admire her boobs, it is usually these which she so generously extends—without any effort, incidentally.

Squeeze Play

Della's knockers are enough to cause a sane man to froth at the mouth from merely looking at them. As one can see, Della takes good care of herself, not only in her regular consumption of vital vitamins, but in the care she gives her big buffers. What appears to be soap is really a special skin agent she applies daily. (Yes, she does it all herself, without any male assistance.)

STOP

letting it all hang out

BY JOHN DAVIDSON

CARRIED AWAY . . . Louisa Ferrus is a busty, Boston stripper who has been plying her trade around the "bean town" for some time. One night, not long ago, she was performing at the Normandy Lounge and for some reason, she was momentarily possessed by a madness which drove her not only to strip off her gown and her intimate under apparel, but also her pasties and G-string, an act which went beyond the bare limits of the law. She must have known, intuitively, that there was a minion of the law in her audience, because her performance was clearly an act of defiance. In any case, she was busted (the term "busted" was a curious euphemism in this case). Being brought before a Boston judge, Louisa expected the worst. Happily, she was surprised when the magistrate let her off. The judge's decision had a distinct Solomon-like ring to it. Said he, "What this girl was doing at least has redeeming social value. It keeps her off welfare."

LITTLE OLD BRA MAKER . . . All roads lead to Rome, this we know, but a little-known byway leads to the bra makers, who are considered the best in the world. A frequent traveler along this road is Anita Ekberg. She was in the Eternal City on a dual mission, recently. The other mission being to take part in Ross Hunter's remaking of **Lost Horizon.** (It was unofficially said that she had been chosen to play the part of the mountains of Tibet.) Having finished her motion picture stint, Anita repaired to her favorite little old bra maker, who, it has been reported, on first feasting his eyes on the Ekberg globes, exclaimed, "Atsa some spicy meatballs!"

Underneath that filmy negligee worn by Anita Ekberg repose a pair of jugs so large that she must take them to a special brassiere maker in Rome to be properly fitted.

DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF . . . **The London Sunday Times Magazine** has published a photo-story of Eva Braun's affair with Adolf Hitler. Much of the story and a number of the pictures have never before appeared in print. One of the most interesting aspects of Eva's story, according to the **Sunday Times,** is how she contrived to first gain the attraction of the Fuehrer. Eva used the old drop-the-handkerchief ploy—a distinctly old-fashioned tactic, but not the way Eva did it. She dropped not one, but several handkerchiefs into her bra to make the breasts appear larger. No booby she!

FONDLE AND SUCK . . . According to the number of letters which appear in a lot of behavioral magazines, there is a great urge, one might almost call it a passion, on the part of the husbands whose wives are big-breasted to witness their spouses having their breasts fondled and sucked by another man. And the wives seem to become equally enthused over the prospects of such a possibility. As one young husband, writing in **Forum** confessed, "Recently I have had this terrific urge to see her, (his wife's) breasts caressed and sucked by another man. I told her of my desire, and she trembled and became very excited."

HALF A BIKINI . . . Brought to trial for parading on the beach near Santa Cruz, California wearing only the lower half of her bikini, attractive Riki Melinda Chaiet, 22, pleaded that she was merely asserting her constitutional rights by dressing "the way men do." As it happened, Riki had not been held for indecent exposure but on suspicion of disturbing the peace. Disturbing male equanimity? Perhaps. But disturbing the peace? Hardly. In any case, that is what Santa Cruz Assistant District Attorney William Kilsay concluded, and he asked the court to dismiss the charges.

FROM PIG TO PATSY . . . A male chauvinist pig, turned patsy, was recently reported in Chicago. A graduate student at the University of Illinois, William Chester, wrote a satirical article on women's lib organizations for an underground paper. A group of the local libbers took exception to the article and wrote him a note expressing their feelings of being offended by it. The note concluded by saying, "Come to see us, we are going to rape you." Their threat promised a unique experience for Chester and he went to their office. When he arrived, there were three girls there, and they suggested they go up to the next floor in the building to discuss the matter. As they climbed the stairs, Chester recalls, "One of the girls put a bear hug on me from behind." One of the girls tore open his shirt and another pulled down his trousers. At this point, a couple of university employees came upon the scene, and the girls fled. Even though the employees could identify the girls and substantiate a rape attempt, Chester chose not to bring charges against them, beyond that of simple battery. He took this less severe course, he said, "just to show I'm no male chauvinist pig."

MOTHER LODE . . . A number of California call girls, who, because of their advancing age, were ready to accept enforced retirement, have discovered the mother lode, literally. These mature gals are enjoying renewed success catering to men with mother hangups. The prosties are, for the most part, in their forties and pleasantly plump—just like mom. They arrive for their tricks bearing homemade cookies and, would you believe it, that elixir of most moms: chicken soup.

LADIES IN DISTRESS. . . Meanwhile, in New York City, other resourceful hookers are finding pay dirt around the off-track betting parlors. Their routine is to sashay up to an obvious winner. Brushing away a tear, they will unfold a melancholy tale of how they have lost all their household money and will do anything to get even. Flushed with the fever of a big winning, most guys are only too happy to help out a lady in distress—after she has "put out."

DEMEANING DEVICES . . . If we are to believe British manufacturer, Robin Hugessen, there are literally thousands of girls in the United States who are wearing chastity belts. He should know, because he manufactures them and sells the belts to retailers in this country. While business is booming in the colonies, it isn't without a certain hazard. Militants of the women's lib movement have been bedeviling Hugessen's representatives, threatening them with dire consequences if they did not abandon the sale of such demeaning devices. Fearful that these women libbers (whose use of chastity belts would be superfluous, according to Hugessen) might attack the source of the devices, he has taken out a $50,000 protective policy with Lloyds of London.

BRA VS. GIRDLE . . . In his column appearing in **Today's Health,** Dr. Alister Brass advises women that girdles are out and bras are in. His opposition to girdles is based upon his conviction that they encourage flabby abdominal muscles and restrict normal breathing. Dr. Brass encourages the wearing of bras to overcome droopiness. However, since there are no muscles in the breast, bras cannot have the deleterious effect on them that the girdles have on the abdomen. The doctor suggests that if a gal wants to add "prominence" to her breasts, she should develop and strengthen her pectoral muscles.

FRESH MATERIAL . . . There are only so many ways to make love, and the erotic film makers in San Francisco appear to have exhausted all of them. So desperate are they for "fresh material" that they are offering couples $200 bonuses to come up with new angles. So far, there have been few bonuses paid out by the film producers. ●●●

When one gal aids another in the development of her boobs, that's news. The scene is from old Russ Meyer film, *Vixen.*

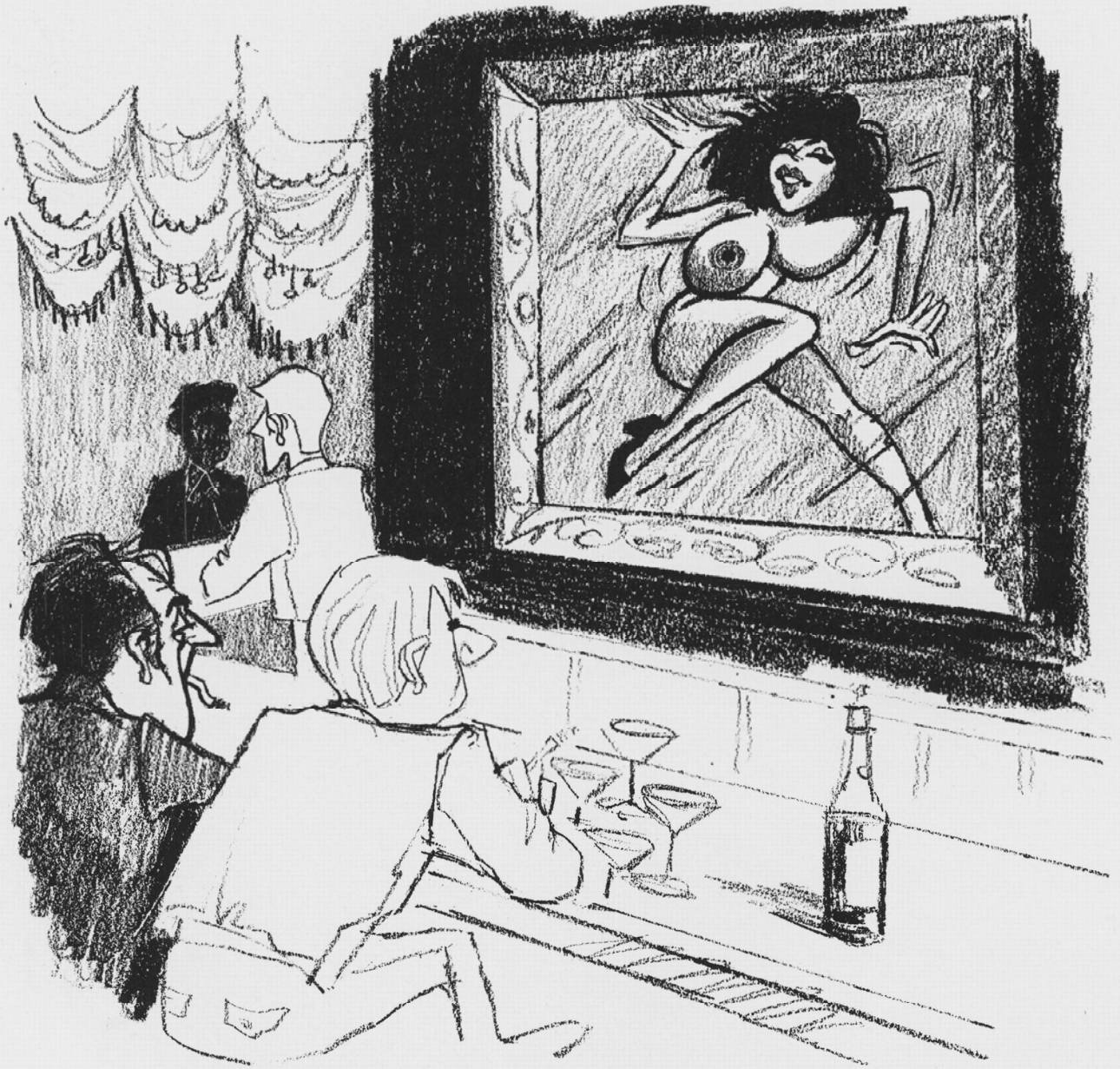
MOST STAGE PERFORMERS WILL GO INTO THEIR ACT AT THE DROP OF A HAT, BUT NOT THESE BUSTY BABES. THEY ARE MOTIVATED BY THE DROP OF A BRA. WHEN THAT HAPPENS, THEIR AUDIENCES GO INTO THEIR ACT, WHICH IS TO APPLAUD AND SHOUT FOR THE GALS TO GO ALL THE WAY. THE GALS OBLIGE WITH A BIG SHOW.

OFF WITH THEIR BRAS!

They're Out to Stamp Out Boobs!

By Wallace Williams

A couple of Hollywood characters bemoan the passing of the big-boobed movie queens. They agree it's the fault of the producers who, afraid to offend the babes in the theater audiences with negligible jugs, have gradually gone for actresses with little to boast about up front.



"No tits!" my friend said, slapping the bar for emphasis. This was in reference to a provocative blonde who had just exited. From where I sat, the girl was a finely figured fox, but Norman remained implacable. "The shape of the world is changing," he lamented. "It's going flat. That chick was 34B, probably padded a little, and those are the biggest boobs I've seen all week!"

I should explain that Norman is one of those guys euphemistically known as a tit-man. Being a leg-man myself, my sympathies were hardly equal to his anguish. Not only that, I didn't believe him.

We were holding up the bar at Musso and Frank's, the most venerable of Hollywood restaurants, when Norman poured out his grief. I'd known his preference for females with eye-boggling frontal proportions for a long time—in fact, he'd married three of the type. Presently, he was on the loose, the divorce being hacked out by his lawyers. Between marriages, he was a tiger. Sometimes a television writer, sometimes an assistant director, he used to scour the studios for his kind of top-heavy female. When I asked him about that, he exploded.

"Actresses? They've shrunk, I tell you! Loren is the only one hanging in there. Name the biggies today, I dare you! All the latest movies, the TV series . . . titless wonders!"

"They can act," I offered gently.

"Who cares?" Norman roared. "Acting is not necessarily art! Where are the new Monroes, the Mansfields, the Bardots, the Lollobrigidas . . . and who's going to replace Mamie Van Doren? When those gals were on the screen, they had *presence!* Christ, Jane Russell is doing bra commercials now . . . in a high-necked dress yet!"

"Look, this is the age of the sex film," I pointed out. "They manage to get tons of flesh for those movies. . . ."

"Have you seen one lately?"

"Well, no, not since Russ Meyer went major," I admitted.

"Then don't kid yourself. The adult flicks have suffered just like the studio product. Girls are shrinking!"

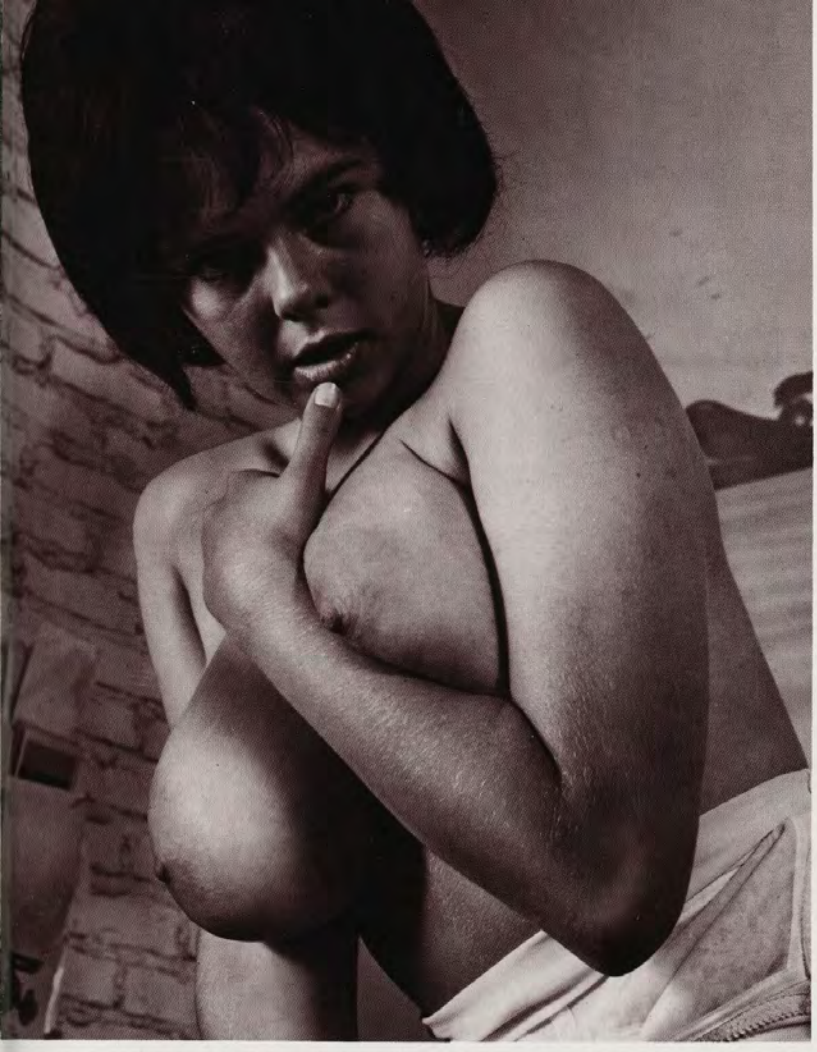
"Maybe it's a plot," I offered. "Mercury in mother's milk . . . or homogenization." I could have mentioned that statistically American females were growing taller than past generations—which I applaud as a leg-man—but I didn't want to rub it in. Sensing the depth of Norman's distress, I asked him to tell me about it. Besides, he was buying the drinks.

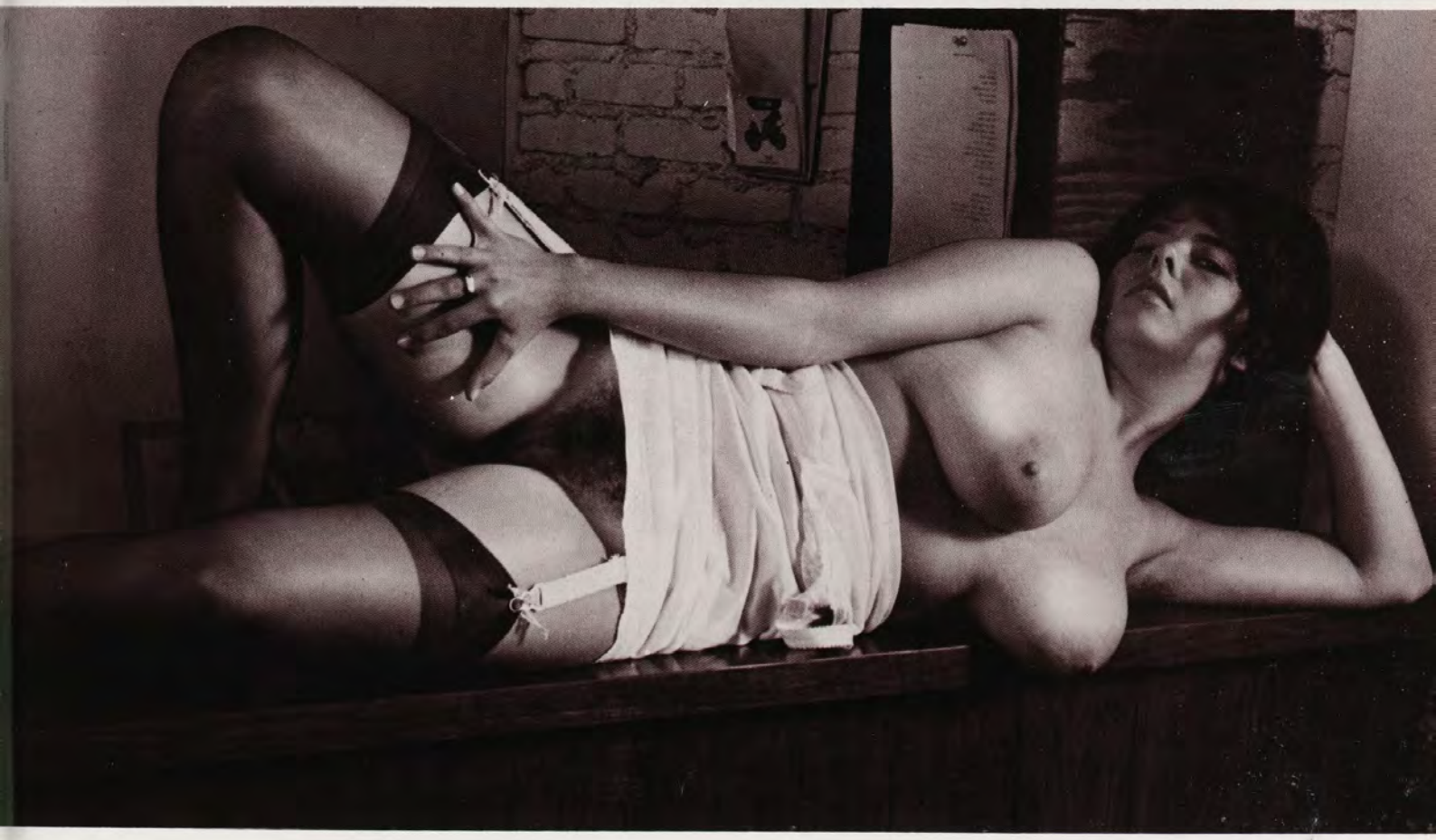
"I first noticed the change in the mid-sixties," he declared, with the crisp articulateness of a historian. "Admittedly, I didn't see it at the start as a physical phenomenon. I thought it was a passing fancy, a temporary fashion. You know, Audrey Hepburn's alive and doing well without tits, so let's get on the bandwagon. That was okay; I could live with the idea of a few flat-chested stars . . . poor things. I never plucked my talent from the front ranks, anyway. I used to score with show-business girls who were there for the decoration, bit-play-

(continued on page 54)

Betty's pals call her an outstanding bustout. There are two obvious reasons, but behind these is the real story of the actual bustouts she has made:—from a convent and a harem.

BETTY'S BUSTOUT





didn't it?" she said, actually smiling. "Tell me. Mr. Hoode, just what do you intend to do now?"

"I could call the law," I suggested.

She nodded. "You could. But, what would that get you? I've got too good a thing going, Hoode. I'd hate to lose it just because one of my pigeons turned out to be a private eye."

"So?" I asked.

"So, let's make a deal," she said. "I'll give you half. You forget what you've seen."

"What's half?" I was curious.

"At least twenty thousand a year," she answered. "And I'll throw something else in, too."

I knew what was coming. "Yeah?" I asked, going along with it. "What's that?"

She straightened her shoulders to thrust her magnificent breasts forward. "I'll give you what you were staring at a little while ago," she said, starting to unbutton her blouse.

Some guys are suckers for well-tapered gams. Others go for solid buttocks. Still others are turned on by a pretty face. I happen to be a titman. If there is one thing I want my women to have, it's a good set of knockers. Doris Wolin had that . . . and then some!

I followed her into the bedroom and hustled out of my clothes. She got hers off about the same time, and we hit her king-sized bed together. I took another good look at her. It was incredible. She was lying flat on her back. And yet, her breasts . . . as big as they were . . . pointed straight toward the ceiling. They were so big I couldn't close both of my hands around either one. Their weight was heavier than any others I've ever lifted. But, they didn't sag. With smooth skin the color of cream, and topped by olive-colored nipples the size of silver dollars, those two mounds of succulent flesh were the most perfect knockers I've ever seen.

She rolled onto her side and hooked her arms around the small of my waist to pull me up flush against her. We lay like that for a long time, our tongues sucked deep into each other's mouth, our bodies grinding against each other, my hands squeezing and kneading her breasts, my fingertips tugging at her huge nipples.

Finally, I pushed her onto her back and positioned myself between her parted legs. Her slit was hot and juicy. It took all of my cock by the third thrust. Our pelves bumped together. And, very slowly at first, I began to thrust and withdraw my throbbing shaft. Each time I drove its full length into her, I would pause and grind our pelvic bones together. Then, I would withdraw all but the head of my cock, hesitate, and push it deep inside of her to start all over again. As I did this, I continued to squeeze her breasts.

After a while, she began to hump and buck beneath me. Her fingernails started digging at my shoulders. "I'm going to come!" she cried, flopping her head back and forth against the sheet.

I slammed in and out of her with an instant frenzy. She stiffened. Her whole body arched upward. And then she cried out as the first spasm of her climax shivered her body. I drove my cock full length into her and kept it there all the while.

When she had finished, I started to thrust and withdraw again. "Aren't you going to come?" she asked, biting my earlobe.

"Whenever you say, honey," I grunted.

Abruptly, then, she scooted down so that my cock slid out of her slit. Moving farther downward, she quickly placed my eager shaft between her breasts. Pushing those great mounds together to form a warm pillow of flesh around my meat, she began to rock back and forth. My cock was slick with her juices. It slid up and down between her breasts with ease. Moving faster, Doris looked up at me. "Come this way," she said, now enveloping my manhood with her breasts. "Let me feel you shoot all over my tits!"

It had been all that I could do to hold back while she had reached climax. Now, it was impossible! I rocketed my cock back and forth between her luscious mounds for several quick seconds, then collapsed as my sperm shot up the length of my stem and spurted out over the tops and sides of her smooth breasts.

Doris lay totally still as my milky-colored sap sprayed over her warm flesh. When I had finally finished and had rolled onto my back, she slid off the bed and scampered into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

After a few seconds, I heard the sound of running water, heard her splashing around in the shower. I eased off the bed and started putting my clothes back on. I was fully dressed by the time she opened the bathroom door and came into the bedroom towelling herself off. She looked up at me. "Hey, why did you get dressed? I was just cleaning up before seconds."

I looked beyond her and into the bathroom. As I had suspected, I saw a Princess telephone resting on the floor by the shower stall. "I don't think we'd have had time for seconds, Doris," I said.

She looked genuinely surprised. "Oh? Why not?"

I always carry a gun. It's a licensed .380 Walther, and it fits in a small holster I wear at the small of my back. Now, I took it out and let Doris Wolin see it for the first time! "I figure you made a telephone call while you were in there," I said, nodding in the direction of the bathroom. "The sound of the shower water would have hidden your whispering voice."

"But . . . but, who would I have called?" she asked.

"Your partner!" I answered. "I don't know who it was that was helping you snatch all of that stuff from the department store. But, you obviously had to have somebody. I'm just guessing, of course. But, I think you called him . . . or her . . . and that person is on the way over here!"

For the first time since I had met her, her composure melted away. Her shoulders seemed to sag. Her head moved slowly back and forth. "And that's why you went to bed with me," she said, answering her own question. "You were waiting for me to call. . . ."

She stopped in mid-sentence, realizing she'd made a slip. I knew then that I was dead right. "In there!" I snapped, pointing toward

the living room

Still naked, she walked into the other room and sat down on the sofa. The towel was draped across her lap casually, as if she didn't care who saw her the way she was. I hustled over and sat on a chair opposite the door.

Minutes later, the sound of a key being fitted into the door lock snapped me to attention. I watched the handle turn very slowly, saw the door open just a crack. Then, Doris jumped up and blew the whole thing. "Watch it. Frank!" she screamed. "He's behind the door!"

The door slammed open and a man flew inside. He hit the carpet belly-first, rolled over on his side, and snapped off two quick shots from a snub-nosed revolver he was carrying.

But, the slugs whined past me and thudded into the wall. I had hit the floor, too, and was lying belly-down with my .380 pointed right at him. Had I remained in that chair, I would have been a dead man!

I ripped off a shot. It was all I needed. The slug caught the guy right in the throat! The force of the shot yanked his head and shoulders upward. His eyes popped wide. His mouth opened as if he wanted to say something. And then he dropped back down and didn't move again.

Doris was screaming. I jumped to my feet and got to her in five big steps, then let her have a backhand across the mouth. "That's for those people you fingered for shoplifting," I said. "You know, the *innocent* ones!"

She fell to her knees sobbing. I made a fast telephone call to Charley Mulvaney and told him to hustle a pair of plainclothesmen and a meat wagon over as quickly as possible. Then I sat on a chair facing Doris and waited for them to arrive. "Boyfriend?" I asked, nodding at the dead man.

Still sobbing, she nodded her head. "We . . . we were going to get married mext month. I . . . I loved him."

"Then, you shouldn't have made me kill him," I said.

I thought about all of those innocent suckers she'd put before a judge. That way, I didn't feel sorry for her. Not at all! ●●●

(continued from page 19)

just arrived at Oxford University, he is pursued by a girl, Sarah Young, whom he has seduced. Next he makes his appearance as an awkwardly attired dandy in a ramshackle tavern with entertainment designed to lure patrons to the adjoining brothel. Two girls try to seduce Tom while the "posture woman" disrobes nearby for her performance. Her corset lies on the floor and her dress is loosened, letting one breast tumble out as she bends over to remove her shoes. One of Hogarth's contemporaries asserted that this girl is expected to "whirl herself round and display other feats of indecent activity," while a Frenchman of the day, commenting on a seemingly harmless candle, suggests that the girl will use it as a dildo.

Soon Tom is arrested but the faithful Sarah springs from the throng of curious onlookers to save him from jail. Tom's wedding is shown next, but his bride, instead of Sarah, is a grotesquely old and rich spinster. He then appears as a big-time gambler, but afterwards his progress is steadily downhill. He goes to jail, then to Bedlam, where having lost his senses, he writhes on the floor among the other lunatics. Such is the end of a Rake.

These last two scenes depict the horrifying cruelty of a society outwardly preoccupied with morality and justice. People in jail—usually debtors, bawds and petty pickpockets—received sentences of hard labor. In Bedlam, treatment consisted of bleedings and purgings. Herded together like animals, the demented were left to die. Hogarth, no doubt, had actually seen Bedlam, because the institution opened its doors to spectators as though it were a kind of zoo.

Rake's Progress created less impact than Hogarth's first work, but Hogarth continued with his pictorial chronicles of the times and broadened his scope to touch on virtually every aspect of London life. The city still hadn't mushroomed into the noisy mushroom described by Dickens, but industrialization had begun. It wasn't a pretty world Hogarth saw, so there is little of prettiness in his work. Above all, he tried to portray life honestly. While he deplored much of what he observed, he didn't hate life or become submerged by a sense of evil. He could always appreciate a pretty face or figure, although this never prevented him from seeing the nuances of character not quite hidden by beauty.

His *Marriage á la Mode,* which followed, is considered the best of all his picture-dramas. The curtain rises upon two spoiled young people—a young earl and a rich merchant's daughter—forced into marriage by their unfeeling parents. Even before the wedding, the plumply sensuous girl, shown consulting her attorney, betrays her affection for him rather than for her betrothed.

We then see the hapless couple at breakfast the day after the wedding. The new countess yawns voluptuously and gazes at her exhausted husband. The reason for their tiredness isn't a strenuous wedding night; in fact, they haven't even spent the night together. The young man has just returned from a night on the town with a lady's cap in his pocket. The girl's little dog draws attention to this bit of evidence by sniffing at it.

Time passes and the young earl reappears at the famous quack doctor's office. The doctor holds out the box of pills supposed to cure syphilis and a procuress simultaneously offers him a cure for his sexual boredom: a slim young girl of no more than twelve or thirteen. Meanwhile, the countess entertains her attorney in her bedroom while her dim-witted hairdresser combs out her long tresses. Soon, she has followed her lover to a dingy hotel room where her husband finds them. Disgraced, the girl returns to her father's home where she kills herself.

Trite as this plot is, Hogarth's meticulous attention to detail and character keeps it from becoming insipid. Hogarth viewed the unfortunate personages of this drama with sympathy as well as a critical eye. The girl, a robust member of the wealthy mercantile class, has an appetite for luxury which is surpassed only by her appetite for sen-

(continued on page 54)

No guy with an ounce of red blood in his veins would hesitate to eagerly open his door to these bold knockers.

opportunity's knockers

(continued from page 49)

sual pleasure. The young husband is a weak, dissipated member of the peerage. Incapable of real human feelings, he reacts at finding his wife with another man not as a jealous husband but as someone whose dignity has been offended. Hogarth's seething satirical spotlight is cast upon the girl's father in the final scene. As the girl lies dying, the old man's only concern is getting a valuable ring off her finger.

The background details add richness to the drama, too. The countess's bedroom, for example, is hung with sensuous Italian nudes. He even went so far as to reproduce in miniature Correggio's highly suggestive *Jupiter and Io*. In the breakfast room one of the paintings depicts something sufficiently lascivious to warrant hanging a heavy curtain over the framed canvas; the curtain is pulled aside to reveal only a bare foot. Hogarth found endless ways of depicting his society's hypocrisy, with its constant appeal for virtue and its equally strong salacious interests.

Also he was amused rather than impressed by the Italian painters so much in vogue then. His own characters are far removed from the Olympian gods and goddesses who epitomized ideal beauty and perfect love. No female, no matter how charming, was totally ideal in Hogarth's penetrating view, nor was any love affair wholly perfect. While current taste demanded that art "improve on nature," Hogarth made a point of unveiling harsh realities.

His painting *The Lady's Last Stake* exposes the inner character of an ostensibly well-bred, beautiful woman. Hogarth skillfully captures her confusion over conflicting values. Dressed in a low-cut lace-trimmed gown revealing the tops of her breasts, she is expected, nevertheless, to harbor only chaste thoughts. However, she has lost her jewels and her money in a card game with a dashing young officer. As Hogarth himself explained, "And the moment when he offers them back in return for her honour, and she is wavering at his suit, was my point of time." Her money or her reputation, the choice is difficult for someone instructed in the importance of both.

Hogarth's model for *The Lady's Last Stake* was a society girl of just fourteen, whom he painted as about ten years older. Concerned by the training children received at the hands of their parents, he warned the girl that life would not be easy for her since she was destined to be appealing to men and attracted to them herself.

Hogarth was equally at home in the sedate drawing rooms and the boisterous taverns and streets of London. Another of his paintings, *The Wanton Revelling with her Companions*, shows a pretty young trollop wielding her way through the darkened streets with two drunken men. Other people try unsuccessfully to part this trio, but onward they go. One of the "companions," a rather stately young man, appears to want to turn back, especially since another girl beckons him away, but the sparsely dressed woman of pleasure has him locked in her grip.

The theater, which was Hogarth's inspiration, was undoubtedly the most sophisticated art form of the times. The English novel was just beginning. Critic Robert E. Moore believes that the roguish characters and daring escapades in the novels of Fielding and Smollet had their origin in Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*. Fielding's lusty hero of *Tom Jones*, though more likable that Tom Rakewell, finds himself in the same predicaments, from drunken scenes in taverns to seduction by an older woman. Also the 18th-century novelists in England tried to adopt a humorous and satirical point of view such as Hogarth achieved through pictures.

Nevertheless, Hogarth told more of London's secrets through his art than anyone could hope to reveal in prose. He dug deeply into the underlying motivation of both typical people and real well-known people of his day with perceptiveness and acute details that approach the 20th-century writer Tom Wolfe more than the 18th-century novelists. Our appreciation of Hogarth is dimmed only by our ignorance of the subtleties and the scandals of his era. We can only imagine what caustic pictorial comments he might have here and now. ●●●

(continued from page 43)

ers, chorus girls . . . my first wife used to be a swimming extra in the old Esther Williams movies. Whatta set of water wings!

"But that's another story. Pretty soon it dawned on me that even the second-string beauties were diminishing in the breastworks department. I looked around and asked why. This was Hollywood, right? Big tits were a stock in trade. Then one day a producer told me, 'Norm baby, we're protecting our credibility. We just did a survey and found out that the average bust size in America is 34B. If we load up the screen with huge bazooms, we take a chance on alienating the female audience!'

"All right, I could see his point, but it didn't make me happy. My only consolation was that just because movies and TV weren't using heavyweight boobs for a while, it didn't mean they'd gone out of existence. I'd change my *modus operandi*. I'd be flexible. I'd find out where the big girls were playing. What I found was 'Topless.' "

Norman was misty-eyed as he spoke. I could tell by the way he stared at the back-bar that he was seeing a ghost of a bare-breasted, gyrating go-go girl. I was touched by his sense of nostalgia.

"I'll never forget those days," he said with a slight shake in his voice. "It was like living in tit heaven. The biggest, most beautiful boobs in the country were on the Sunset Strip here in L.A. and on North Beach in San Francisco. A couple of times I even took commuter flights just to check the action in the Bay Area. Around this town, I had a good 'in' because I worked in film and TV. I'd pitch the old 'wanna get into pictures, kid?' line, and damn near got smothered with the results. Whatta way to go! Remember? That's how I met my second wife. She was a topless barmaid in a beer garden in Burbank . . . used to hold a half-pound of peanuts between her bare boobs and toss the nuts to the customers. . . .

"But that's another story. Suddenly the whole topless scene disintegrated before my unbelieving eyes! The first disaster was silicone. Imagine, plastic tits in a plastic world! It was too much for a guy with my purist instincts. When the

topless boom began, those were *real* gals out there . . . every 38 or 40 inches of them. Then came silicone. Pump, pump, and *puff!* Instant tit. All sorts of skinny witches, including scrawny moonlighting housewives, were blowing themselves out of all proportion. I mean, even guys like me with specialized hangups know that a girl who measures 44-21-33 isn't human! I can tell you, silicone leaves a bitter taste.

"The cruelest blow of all was yet to fall. What fell was the G-string. The topless went bottomless!"

Norman's sense of nostalgia had taken a turn for the worse. His hand was trembling as he lifted his vodka martini. But I couldn't sympathize with him at all at that point. Was he so far gone that he could be critical of a girl baring her bottom? I was moved to protest: "What the hell does total nudity have to do with the size of a girl's boobs?"

"You're very slow, aren't you?" he said with a note of pity. "Think about it, damnit! What are most guys going to look at on a bottomless broad? Her earlobes? No way, baby . . . the eyeball's going to go—*zingo* —right to the fuzzy crotch and the wiggly little ass! Now we cut to the mind of the guy putting on the bottomless show. He's thinking . . . *everybody is staring at her butt . . . it doesn't really matter if she's got big tits or not.* So he doesn't have to compete to hire the few big girls anymore. *Poof!* Before you know it, they've practically disappeared from sight. Criminal negligence, that's what bottomless was."

"Still, they must have gone somewhere," I prodded.

"Yeah. They went home to reduce."

"That doesn't sound logical."

"Was Twiggy logical?" Norman stormed. "That damn blonde broomstick couldn't have happened at a worse time! Suddenly all the broads started thinking thin. Not as thin as Twiggy, thank God, but thin enough to rob a person of one of his few pleasures in life. That girl was symptomatic of a great disaster. You think I'm exaggerating, but just look at what followed her act. First, skinny was fashionable, slender was chic. Enough reducing spas and health clubs for women opened in Los Angeles that for a time I thought they were going to outnumber gas stations. It's a sad fact of life, but when you take off pounds, you also lose inches. And as far as I'm concerned, those are inches that girls cannot afford to lose. I couldn't put my finger on it for a while, but girls began to look different. Then it hit me . . . very few gals with bountiful boobs were being seen in public decked out in the new nutty fashions. It was *too* weird! Because, you see, that meant that there were hardly any of them out at all. . . ."

"Once again they were disappearing from your life," I ventured.

"Exactly!" Norman exclaimed, then lowered his voice to a whisper. He was either getting drunk or irrational, I figured. Since he was only on his sixth vodka martini, I voted for the latter. "I discovered the conspiracy," he said, looking suspiciously up and down the bar. "Faggot fashion designers!"

"Norman, you don't have to whisper . . . this is Musso and Franks."

"Yeah, but it's also Hollywood Boulevard. Anyway, *now I know.* Only skinny, flat-chested broads can wear the clothes the faggots are putting out nowadays. Don't you see it? The big, plump, beautiful tit was too much of a feminine symbol for the fashion designers. They hate women and they're getting even! They're out to eradicate tits! If a well-stacked gal wants to be 'with it' . . . and what gal doesn't . . . she either has to take inches off her bustline to fit in the latest rags or hibernate."

I'd heard the old arguments about faggots and women's clothes for at least fifteen years, but I had to admit that Norman was giving it an original, if not personally motivated, twist. Nevertheless, he still hadn't persuaded me of the seriousness of his plight. Unlike some leg-men, I never think of super-endowed young ladies as grotesque. Sometimes I feel sorry for the ones that are so cantilevered they always appear ready to fall on their faces —which are the kind Norman dreams about. An ample bosom is fine, but I believe in the adage that there can be too much of a good thing. In short, the feminine trend toward thinness and slender styles is one which I applaud. Nice bumps, not mountains, turn me on. Should I point out to Norman that at different times and places, presently and historically, men have lusted after females for various physical attributes? No, he already knows it—and would deny any applicability. Should I tell him that, as a tit-man, he is an endangered species? No, that might dash his last hopes. The life thread of a girl-watcher is tenuous enough. Yet I had to do, to say, something that would shake him out of his misery —the next martini could lead to suicide.

Forthrightly, I asked: "All right, Norman, if things are as bad as you make them out to be . . . what about your third wife?"

You see, I already knew how he had met her. It was at a Burn-the-Bra demonstration by the Beverly Hills chapter of a Women's Lib group. Norman had left Trader Vic's after lunch and five Mai-Tai's just in time to miss the girls shedding their boob supporters on the corner of Sunset and Wilshire. But by dint of sheer instinct, the day was saved. From a measurable seventy-two yards, he spotted a size 42D bra headed into the bonfire! Charging the DON'T WALK sign, he bravely reached *the girl.* It was love at first sight.

"That's another story," Norman mumbled. There was a numbed, glazed look about him as he ate his olive and stumbled out the door. For purposes of reflection, and by this time a smidgeon of sympathy, I could afford to buy a drink of my own. And wouldn't you know it . . . ? Just as I sipped a tipple, what comes through the door but a sultry six-foot amazon with the most fantastic set of juggernauts I'd ever seen. When she sat down on the next barstool, I had a view that made the Grand Canyon look like a crack in the sidewalk!

Every man has his price. I never told Norman that I took her home that night. I never even told him I'd seen her. I like Norman enough not to mess up his delusions. ●●●

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINES

BLOCK BUSTER SELECTION

BLOCK BUSTERS — Our "way out" magazine for the man who "digs" bra-less belles, the big kind. It's devoted entirely to busty beauties in the over-40, D-cup class, with live-action photos in black & white and color. There's plenty to read, also!

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 4.00**
Subscription (4 issues) **$16.00**

KING SIZE — More of the above — and, perhaps, better! Certainly well worth a connoisseur's attentions. Lovely to look at.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 4.00**
Subscription (4 issues) **$16.00**

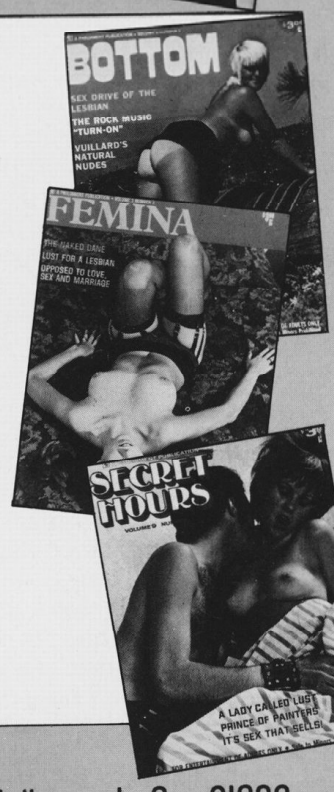
38/26/34 — A magazine of truly beautiful feminine dimensions. Our oldest, and most popular, in its class. Lots of form and unblushing color.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 4.00**
Subscription (4 issues) **$16.00**

SAVE ON THE BLOCK BUSTER BUNDLE!

All 3 Trial Copies ($12 value) **$11.00**
All 3 Subscriptions ($48 value) **$46.00**

THE BOTTOM PACKAGE



BOTTOM — An entertaining adult magazine with a new perspective. For girl-fanciers with continental tastes. Wide, wild, and wonderful camera angles on beautiful girls. Plenty of lively color; fact and fiction pieces.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 4.00**
Subscription (4 issues) **$16.00**

FEMINA — An honest look at women worth looking at. Practically nothing but the bare truth in photos, facts, and fiction. Much color photography.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

SECRET HOURS — Photographically candid reports concerning the secret lives of men and women of consensual age. Not for children. Lavish color photography.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

SPECIAL PRICES ON THE BOTTOM PACKAGE!

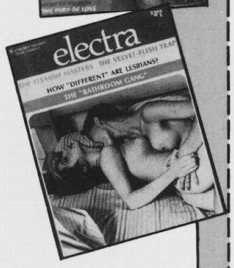
All 3 Trial Copies ($11 value) **$10.00**
All 3 Subscriptions ($44 value) **$42.00**

Regent House P.O. Box 9506 North Hollywood . Ca. 91609

THE AFFAIR COLLECTION

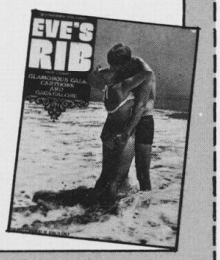
AFFAIR — All about those intimate moments when girls get together with other girls. Secret moments captured in candid, unretouched photos, color and black & white. Also significant articles and humor.

Single Trial Copy Price (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**



ELECTRA — More about those consensual moments between young women. Entertaining — and uninhibited — social reporting in color and black & white.

Single Trial Copy Price (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**



EVE'S RIB — Lots of girl photos, shot from every possible agle. A full quota of vivacious color in every issue. Plenty of adult cartoons and gags.

Single Trial Copy Price (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

REDUCED PRICES ON THE AFFAIR COLLECTION!

All 3 Trial Copies ($10.50 value) . . . . . **$ 9.50**
All 3 Subscriptions ($42 value) **$40.00**

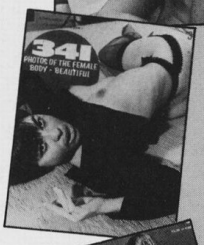
THE GIRL TO GIRL GROUP

GIRL TO GIRL — The photographed activities of liberated young women in pairs or larger groups. It's uninhibited, with a flair for candor you wouldn't want to miss. Color, too.

Single Trial Copy Price (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

NIGHT PEOPLE — Striking adult male and female couple photography. Color, action, and fact features.

Single Trial Copy Price (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**



PHOTOS OF THE FEMALE BODY BEAUTIFUL — This title keeps changing, because we pack in more photos in each issue. There are usually about 350 gorgeous girls in b&w and color. Not for minors.

Single Trial Copy Price (by mail) . . . . . **$ 4.00**
Subscription (4 issues) **$16.00**

BLACK & WHITE SOUL FIRE — Inter-racial poses of two or more consenting adults in b&w and color. Very different and informative.

Single Trial Copy Price (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

SAVE ON THE GIRL TO GIRL GROUP!

All 4 Trial Copies (14.50 value) **$13.50**
All 4 Subscriptions ($58 value) **$54.00**

There are MORE MAGAZINE VALUES on the NEXT TWO PAGES.....

Rush Order Form

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINES

	Trial Copies	Subscriptions
Block Busters	4.00 ☐	16.00 ☐
King Size	4.00 ☐	16.00 ☐
38/26/34	4.00 ☐	16.00 ☐
COMBINATION (All 3 Above)	11.00 ☐	46.00 ☐
Bottom	4.00 ☐	16.00 ☐
Femina	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Secret Hours	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
COMBINATION (All 3 Above)	10.00 ☐	42.00 ☐
Affair	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Electra	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Eve's Rib	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
COMBINATION (All 3 Above)	9.50 ☐	40.00 ☐
Girl to Girl	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Night People	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Photos of the Female Body Beautiful	4.00 ☐	16.00 ☐
Black & White Soul Fire	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
COMBINATION (All 4 Above)	13.50 ☐	54.00 ☐
Teenagers	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Trios	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Intimate Hours	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Utopia	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
COMBINATION (All 4 Above)	13.00 ☐	50.00 ☐
Black & White Journal	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Film & Figure	4.00 ☐	16.00 ☐
Friends & Lovers	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
Love World	3.50 ☐	14.00 ☐
COMBINATION (All 4 Above)	13.50 ☐	54.00 ☐

COLLECTOR'S TREASURES

The Kama Sutra	14.95 ☐
Peter Fendi (40 Erotic Aquarelles)	14.95 ☐
BOTH BOOKS (Save 4.90)	25.00 ☐

Total Remittance Herewith: $_____

Send To:_____

Address:_____

City, State, Zip:_____

Magazines supplied with this order will be issues currently available, not necessarily those illustrated in this ad.

Regent House
P.O. Box 9506 North Hollywood Ca. 91609

PLEASE COMPLETE THE APPLICATION ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS FORM, IF YOU WISH TO REMAIN ON OUR MAILING LIST.

application for membership

regent house magazine, & book clubs

The undersigned hereby applies for membership in REGENT HOUSE'S Magazine, and Book Clubs; and represents as follows:

1. I am an adult, being _____ years of age. (You must fill in the blank space in your own handwriting.)
2. I desire to receive by mail sexually oriented advertisements, and to purchase through the mails sexually explicit material, which material has educational and entertainment value for me.
3. I understand that you are offering sexually oriented material to a specific and limited class of persons, namely, those adults who, like me, believe that such material has educational value.
4. I desire said material to satisfy my own private emotional and educational interests. I will not sell or exhibit such material to others.
5. I authorize you to mail me sexually oriented advertisements, unless and until you hear from me to the contrary, in writing, by registered mail.
6. I represent that I have not asked the Post Office Department, or anyone else, for "protection" against receipt of "sexually oriented advertisements." I agree to notify you in writing immediately to remove my name from your mailing list if I do, in the future, request the Post Office Department, or anyone else, for such protection.

Signed:_____
(Your Own Handwriting)

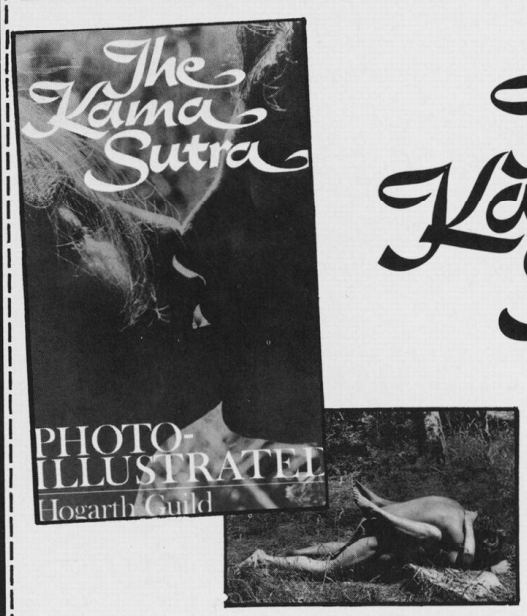
Age:_____ Dated:_____

REGENT HOUSE

Regent House

P.O. Box 9506
North Hollywood . Ca. 91609

COLLECTOR'S TREASURES!



The Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATED

An exact reproduction of the 1883 edition of this earliest Eastern sex manual—originally printed by the Hindoo Kama Shastra Society and reproduced several years ago by the Hogarth Guild for private circulation to members. This oversize book (7½" x 12") is enhanced with 62 large sepia reproductions of the free, ecstatic, sensual photos of renowned nude photographer William Graham, which are as instructive as the rest of this 288 page book for newlyweds and nearlyweds. Stock is limited. While they last, the price per copy is. . . . **$14.95**

Peter Fendi

40 Erotic Aquarelles

sprightly illustrations in full color

A 9" x 12" full-color giant collection of love scenes drawn by the famous, devilish Viennese painter of the early 19th century. His sketches are drawn with art and wit that concentrates tenderly upon "the peculiarities, intimacies and moods of the loving couples." This is a first-time reproduction of a collection owned by a distinguished collector who, for a long time, had kept it carefully hidden away. Hogarth Guild reproduced it for private distribution to members by the best color printing techniques possible, so each drawing is as clear in detail as the original, and the colors are are warm and exciting. Our supply of these is limited. They ought to go fast at. **$14.95**

SPECIAL OFFER WHILE THEY LAST

BOTH BOOKS FOR ONLY....$25*

(*No extra postage, taxes, or handling charges)

THE TEENAGERS SELECTION

TEENAGERS — Fresh and candid photo reports of healthy happy teenagers. They're always enjoying wholesome recreation in and out of doors. Lots of action and color.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

TRIOS — Photos, features, and formidable fiction, dealing with the naked facts of three-way living. Candid black & white and full-color illustrations.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

INTIMATE HOURS — Intimate and frank photo reports about the private activities of men and women of consensual age. A new wave of light, heat, and color.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

UTOPIA — Female naked groups, covered intensively in b&w and color treatments. A new and different theme for bare living magazines.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

IT'S CHEAPER WHEN YOU BUY THE ENTIRE TEENAGERS SECTION!

All 4 Trial Copies ($14 value) **$13.00**
All 4 Subscriptions ($56 value) **$50.00**

THE BLACK & WHITE JOURNAL GROUP

BLACK & WHITE JOURNAL — An unusually frank photo exploration. The colorful story of the intimate intermingling of beautiful black and willing white.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

FILM & FIGURE — A collection of rare and artistic action photos of naked figures for the guidance of art connoisseurs. Includes articles on art and photography.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 4.00**
Subscription (4 issues) **$16.00**

FRIENDS & LOVERS — A pictorial magazine for men and women — depicting naked fun and games for two, three, or more! Plenty of live color and action photography.

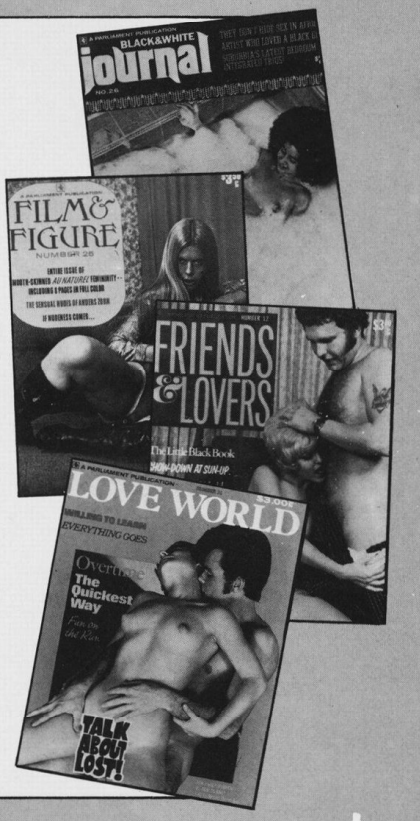
Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

LOVE WORLD — Photos of today's naked life. Also contains some interesting picture speculation about heterosexual habits of a more liberal future.

Single Trial Copy (by mail) . . . . . **$ 3.50**
Subscription (4 issues) **$14.00**

BUY THE WHOLE B&W JOURNAL GROUP! YOU'LL SAVE!

All 4 Trial Copies ($14.50 value) **$13.00**
All 4 Subscriptions ($58 value) **$50.00**



please use the handy rush order form on the preceeding pages for better service!

Regent House P.O. Box 9506 North Hollywood . Ca. 91609

COAST ARTILLERY

WHEN A GAL LIKE TESS
IS RUN UP A TREE,
IT IS A SAFE BET
THAT BOSOM ADMIRERS
WHO SEE HER UP THERE
WILL REFER TO IT
AS A PAIR TREE, FOR
SUCH "FRUIT" ONLY
COMES IN PAIRS.
LUCKY IS THE MAN WHO
IS ALLOWED TO
WITNESS SUCH
A LOVELY "CROP."

AS ANYONE CAN SEE, TESS HAS AWESOME ARTILLERY WHICH IS DESIGNED TO "SHOOT DOWN" ANY GUY WHO MAY HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT THE POWER OF SUCH JUTTY PEAKS AS SHE DISPLAYS.